STRIKE MOVES EAST.

First Outbreak Among the Miners of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Collieries.

MINE BOSS HAS TO HAVE A GUARD.

Another Strike Center Established at Herminie and Incendiary Talk Going On—Some More of the Same and Worse at Corinth, W. Va.—Judges Hear the Pittsburg Injunction Case and Reserve Their Decision for a Time—Deputy Kills Deputy—Strikers' Crusade in Illinois.

Hazelton, Pa., Aug. 17.—Twenty-five hundred miners of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre collieries in the Honeybrook district went on strike yesterday morning and at a meeting last night resolved in a body to stand together. This is the first defection among the miners of eastern Pennsylvania. Apart from the wage question the men demand the discharge or transfer of Superintendent Jones, and the feeling against him is so strong that he moves about with an armed escort and his house is guarded day and night. At the meeting last night Joseph Keshilla was elected president of the meeting. Keshilla represents the Hungarians. Nillie Duse was elected vice president to represent the Italian element and Alex Mullen represented the English-speaking miners. Resolutions were adopted declaring that the men would stand together if an attempt was made to discharge them for participating in the strike movement.

Original Cause of the Trouble.

Thirty-five drivers went out on Saturday for an increase in wages. Yesterday morning 2,500 miners joined them. The men had no organization, but a branch of the United Mine Workers' association was started yesterday morning and 600 men at once signified their willingness to join. Chief Organizer Fahey, of Pottsville, was sent for. The men held a meeting Sunday night in Mapichik's hall and there decided to make the strike general. The entire force of coal and iron police, carrying Winchester rifles was on hand to guard the collieries. The strikers assembled on the hill above the works at Audenreid and a crowd of 300 men marched past the deputies to the breaker. At a given signal the men at work left their places. Those who were hesitating were guarded by strikers and taken past the deputies, who did not attempt to molest the men.

Had a Wild Time at Herminie.

Greensburg, Pa., Aug. 17.—Wild disorder prevailed in the vicinity of Herminie and the Ocean Coal company's works last night. The 200 miners who came from the river district yesterday were successful in bringing the miners at Herminie out. About 175 men quit work about 3 p. m. They all marched over to the Arona and Madison works and proceeded to fill up with "Polinki." They threatened the miners at Arona and Madison, who number about 250 men, intimating that if they did not quit work they would be burned out." The incendiary language created much excitement, and it is likely that deputy sheriffs will be sent to the scene. The Madison and Arona miners are not favorable to striking, but last night consented to attend the meeting of the strikers to night at Madison. It is expected that a few of the miners at these works will join the strikers, but a great majority will not heed the appeals of the strikers. Mrs. Jones addressed the evening meeting.

Strikers Resort to Violence.

Cumberland, Md., Aug. 17.—From information received here last night most serious trouble is likely to occur among the miners near Corinth, W. Va., caused by the release of three Italians who were arrested charged with threatening to blow up the mine and brick plant of the Oakland Coal company. The release of the men tended to encourage the other strikers, who, armed with guns, went to the house of six men who had been at work, broke into it and destroyed their property. Ex-Deputy United States Marshal Wheeler was guarding the miners and was shot at, but made his escape to Oakland and reported the facts to Superintendent Anderson, who resides there. Since the rioting has commenced there is no telling where it will end.

MAY BE A STRIKE VICTORY.

The Decision of the Judges in the Pittsburg Injunction Case.

Pittsburg, Aug. 17.—Yesterday was fraught with exciting incidents in matters pertaining to the miners' strike. Mutiny in the strikers' camp, a murder in the deputies' ranks, filing of criminal and civil suits against the De Armits, and the hearing in the injunction case against President Dolan and others kept both sides to the struggle busy and on the qui vive all day long. The hearing in the injunction case before Judges Stowe and Collier was perhaps one of the most important and interesting ever held in a Pennsylvania court. It was a hearing in which both capital and the rights of labor were interested and the decision is expected to have a telling effect on the conduct of the great coal miners' strike which has been on since July 5. From the testimony adduced and from the expressions of the court it can safely be said that there will be some surprises. That the injunction will be materially modified there can be no doubt, which on its face would indicate a victory for the strikers.

The preliminary decree has been continued pending a consultation of the judges and an opinion will probably be handed down by noon today. Judge Collier said in court that the strike would go down in history as one of the wonders of the country and remarkable on account of the utter lack of disorder, for which the strikers are commended and have the sympathy of the court. Said he: "There can be no question as to what our duty is under all the testimony, but I am somewhat in doubht as to whether or not the order should not be modified. We cannot determine this without a consultation." Judge Stowe said last evening: "This injunction will not justify the issuing of an attachment against any of the marchers who are not found in company with the men named in the injunction."

He let it be understood that the injunction is not so sweeping as has been thought; that only the five men named in the writ—Patrick Dolan, William Warner, Cameron Miller, Uriah Bellingham and Edward McKay—are restrained from marching or trespassing on the company's property. The others mentioned can be only those found in company of the five named in the injunction. As near as can be learned the strikers under the injunction can march—but not at stated times—as long as they are not in company with any of these defendants.

In addition to a number of civil suits entered against President W. P. De Armit by his former employes for wages held back according to contract, three criminal suits have been brought against Samuel De Armit, a brother of the president. Mrs. Croter, who was evicted on Saturday by Samuel De Armit, has brought a criminal suit charging assault and battery. She says in her charge that De Armit took her by the shoulders and threw her out of the house. She says he held a hatchet above her head and threatened to kill her. Her two children (one a sick boy) were also thrown from the house. John Croter, her husband, also sues De Armit for larceny. He claims that De Armit took away with him a keg of wine and a $15 revolver and has since refused to return them.

STRIKE CRUSADE IN ILLINOIS.

Siege of Coffeen Is Still On—Success Is Here Today, Away Tomorrow.

St. Louis, Aug. 17.—A special to The Republic from Staunton, Ills., says: The Staunton silver band left here last night with a large delegation of citizens for Coffeen to join the camp of strikers. A large number of women who accompanied the men Sunday were allowed to enter the village of Coffeen yesterday. Two wagons loaded with provisions left for the camp last evening.

A special to The Republic from Cartersville, Ills., says: "The striking miners who arrived Saturday are still here and say that they will stay until all the miners employed in the Cartersville pits come out. A meeting was held yesterday at the mines of the St. Louis and Muddy Coal company and the miners voted emphatically to stay at work. About twenty refrained from voting. The men in the Cartersville Coal company mine all came out, but they promised to go back to work today, and stay there until the men at the St. Louis and Big Muddy Coal company's mines change their minds. At the Scott Wilson pits a meeting was held, all the men going out except one. Unless the sheriff secures more deputies this town will have trouble. Miners are sympathetic and a very little glib talk stampedes them. They are therefore quite unsettled as long as this disturbing element remains in the vicinity.

Decatur, Ills., Aug. 17.—Another meeting of the Decatur coal miners was held last night. About 150 miners were there. A vote to quit work was taken and it was carried 86 to 50. As about 400 miners were at work yesterday it is uncertain how much effect this will have. Committees were named to notify the men not present and try to get them out.

Marion, Ills., Aug. 17.—Reports from the coal fields in this county are brighter. The crusaders have consolidated their force at Cartersville, but succeeded only in a temporary suspending of the Burr mines. They went out, but held a meeting at 3 p. m. and decided to return. All the mines near this city are at work except the Williamson County Coal company at Johnston City, there were no marchers about.

MURDER IN THE DEPUTY CAMP.

Two of Them Have a Fight and One Is Fatally Shot As a Result.

Pittsburg, Aug. 17. — Two deputies, Robert Kerr and Frank Anderson, employed as guardians of the New York and Cleveland Gas Coal company, fought yesterday afternoon, and as a result Kerr got a mortal wound. Anderson is proprietor of a dive on Water street, this city, and is known as a bad man. He was in charge of the deputies at Sandy Creek. Kerr, who lives at McKee's Rocks, is a river pilot by occupation. He had served before as a deputy during strikes. It is not known what the men fought about, but they met on a bridge crossing Plum Creek, and after a few words Anderson was seen to hit Kerr, who retaliated and a rough and tumble fight lasting about five minutes followed. Anderson succeeded in drawing his revolver, and placing it close to Kerr's abdomen fired, the ball tearing through the victim's intestines and lodging in his back. The physicians say he will die. A constable tried to arrest Anderson, but he was prevented by deputies who said they would hold him until the arrival of the sheriff.

Injunction Granted in Illinois.

Cairo, Ills., Aug. 17.—Judge A. K. Vickars granted an injunction yesterday at Murphysboro, commanding the itinerant strikers to desist from trespassing on the ground or interfering in any way with the employes of the Muddy Valley Mining and Manufacturing company, the Muddy Valley mines, and also from entering on the lands of W. P. Halliday.

Scores on the Ball Field.

Chicago, Aug. 17.—League base ball records yesterday: At Baltimore—Brooklyn 5, Baltimore 14; at Boston—Washington 2, Boston 5; at Pittsburg—Louisville 2, Pittsburg 3; at New York—Philadelphia 2, New York 7.

Western League: At St. Paul—Columbus 3, St. Paul 10; at Kansas City—Grand Rapids 6, Kansas City 11; at Minneapolis—Indianapolis 5, Minneapolis 2.

Western Association: At Des Moines—Dubuque 7, Des Moines 8; at Burlington—Rockford 8, Burlington 4; at Keokuk—Quincy 11, Cedar Rapids 5; at St. Joesph—Peoria 3, St. Joseph 0.

Farmer Killed by a Bull.

Monticello, Wis., Aug. 17.—Jacob Freitag, an extensive farmer and dairyman residing in Exeter township, two miles north of the village of Monticello, was killed on his own land by a vicious bull on Saturday afternoon. The unfortunate man, after being nearly gored to death, walked a few steps and wedged himself between two trees for safety, lying down, and there the bull finished its brutal work.

Miners Overcome by Gas.

Canton, Ills., Aug. 17.—Three miners operating a crude mine near Farmington, this county, were overcome by foul gasses yesterday morning. When taken out one of them, Thomas Martin, was dead; the other two, George and Ben Tryor, are reported in a precarious condition and may not recover.

PROPOSAL BY CANADA.

Wants to Establish Communication with Klondike

BY MEANS OF TELEGRAPH LINE.

Plans Have Been Approved by Great Britain and Sent to the State Department at Washington — "Tenderfeet" Given a Timely Warning by an Old and Experienced Miner—Steamers Scheduled to Sail for Alaska—Scarcity of Food.

Washington, Aug. 16.—The Canadian government has submitted formal proposals to this government to establish communication with the Klondike region in Alaska by the construction of a telegraph line from the head of winter navigation on the Lynn canal into the center of the Klondike district. The proposals have been taken under advisement. They have been approved by the British principal secretary of state for foreign affairs and were forwarded by the governor general of Canada, through the British embassy, to the state department and referred to the interior department. There the papers are locked up pending consideration. The proposals, while reserving the rights of either country pending the settlement of the international boundary line between the United States and Canada south of Mount St. Elas, urge the expediency of establishing a permanent route giving access to the interior at all seasons of the year.

Most Feasible Route.

The most feasible route, in the judgment of the Canadian authorities, would be to start from the head of winter navigation on the Lynn canal (the body of water running from near Juneau up beyond Dyea and Chilcat, forming part of the present overland route), crossing the mountains by White pass, or by any other pass which may seem more accessible, and proceed northward to Fort Selkirk and thence to Klondike. The Canadian government asserts its readiness to undertake to open communication by constructing a telegraph line from the head of winter navigation on the Lynn canal, traversing a distance of eighty miles, across the summit of the mountain range, where a trail can be followed to Fort Selkirk and Klondike. The government also signifies its intention, in case the propositions are adopted, to erect suitable places for shelter at periods from forty to fifty miles along the line and keep up dog trains during the winter months for the conveyance of the mails to and from the interior.

WARNED AWAY FROM KLONDIKE.

Experienced Miner Tells "Tenderfeet" of Difficulties Confronting Them.

San Francisco, Aug. 16.—Henry Gable, an old and experienced miner, who was one of the first to join the rush to the Klondike, has returned and tells a story calculated to deter others from going north in search of gold. There is hardly a trail in California, Arizona, Nevada or Montana with which Gable is not familiar. When the news of the gold strikes reached this country he determined to seek his fortune in the Yukon, left the mines in Arizona and came to San Francisco. Here he bought his outfit and supplies and left on the Umatilla three weeks ago en route for the Klondike via Juneau and the Chilkoot pass. Now he is back, having sold his outfit, which cost $235. He learned from experienced mining men at Juneau and further up that it would be suicidal to go before spring: He said:

"When we reached Barnum's bay, which is a little way from Dyea, I gave up the idea. I left the vessel, intending to go to work in the Comet mines there and wait till next spring, when I intended to go into the Klondike. I found the mines were deserted, as the men would not work there at this time of the year, owing to the water, which fills the shafts. The Alaskan mining men are positive that nearly all who are trying to get to Dawson City will be frozen up en route until spring and that their fate is uncertain. I would not answer for the lives of the tenderfeet who are now going."

To Dawson by Balloon.

Oakland, Cal., Aug. 16.—M. Ayer, a real estate man of Oakland, proposes to establish balloon service between Juneau and Dawson. K. A. Hughson is with him in the scheme, and as soon as he can induce those interested in the scheme to subscribe $2,000 he will do so. Ayer, who has evolved this plan, is an old balloonist, and says the scheme is practicable. He says the trip from Juneau to Dawson ought to be made in twenty-four hours.

Steamers for Alaska.

San Francisco, Aug. 16.—The following steamers are scheduled to sail for Alaska: Steamer Walla Walla, with expedition for Dyea, Aug. 19; auxiliary steamer Bessie K., via St. Michael's, Aug. 19; steamer Noyo, via St. Michael's, Aug. 27; steamer Caspar, from San Pedro, via St. Michael's, date uncertain; auxiliary steamer Louisa D., via St. Michael's, Aug. 22.

Crazy to Start for the Yukon.

Victoria, B. C., Aug. 16.—Nearly one thousand men from all parts of the world are here and crazy to start for the Yukon. These men will start on the big collier Bristol and the Islander, which also takes on board a contingent of mounted police, their dogs and outfits.

Pack Animals Will Starve.

Victoria, B. C., Aug. 16.—Unless something is done soon many of the pack animals doing work at Chilkoot pass will starve before the winter is over. All feed along the trail has been used up.

Suicide of a Boy.

Chicago, Aug. 16.—Ludwig Williams, a boy 15 years old, residing at 3831 State street, committed suicide by taking carbolic acid. The suicide of his companion, Louis Schaffner, the previous day, by hanging himself, seems to have affected Williams, who had been despondent and morose for several days previous. He was a driver on commission for the Eureka laundry, but business had been dull with him for some time. As he was the support of an aged mother this troubled him greatly.

Actor Compton Dead.

London, Aug. 16.—Charles Compton, the actor, is dead.

LOOKING FOR A BUSY TIME.

Western Merchants Preparing to Do a Heavy Business in the Future.

Chicago, Aug. 17.—"We must lay in enough stock for an unusually busy season; the people will buy this fall things which they haven't bought in three or even four seasons past." That seems to be the prevailing opinion among merchants of the smaller cities in the western and central states. These men are reaching Chicago in groups and squads this week. The influx began Sunday, continued yesterday, and probably the largest crowd is in Chicago today.

This is the time of the first large fall meeting of the National Association of Merchants and Travelers. At 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon the first meeting of the season was called to order and proceeded to discuss the money question. A paper was read by John V. Farwell, Jr., who treated of "The advisability of appointing a currency commission." Farwell took up the subject from a business man's point of view.

Financial flurries and panics, he held, are due largely to the instability of the currency. He therefore favored a revision of the laws by a commission of business men, who are familiar with the practical as well as the theoretical side of the question.

DON'T GO TO THE KLONDYKE NOW.

Another Man Who Knows Utters Warning to Gold Seekers.

Washington, Aug. 17. — William J. Jones, United States commissioner to Alaska, assigned to St. Michaels, has sent to the interior department the following report on the gold rush in a letter written at Dyea, Alaska, dated Aug. 4: "There are nearly 1,800 people on the Dyea and Skagaway routes and both trails are blocked. People are throwing away their packs and provisions and rushing headlong to the mines. Great distress, hardships and suffering and possible death from hunger and exposure is sure to follow next winter, an opinion that is entertained by all old Alaska prospectors who have visited that part of the world in late years and know the situation."

Jones is one of the two men whose duplicate appointment for the same post created a complication which has not yet been entirely straightened out. Neither man yet knows that the other has been commissioned.

WORD FROM BALLOONIST ANDREE.

It Is a Month Old and Says the Voyagers Had a Good Journey.

Berlin, Aug. 17.—The Vossische Zeitung publishes a dispatch from Hammerfest, Norway, which says that one of the searchers for Herr Andree in a fast steamer met the sealing vessel Aiken about July 22 and learned from her captain that one of the crew had shot a pigeon between North Cape and Seven Islands on the north coast of Lapland, bearing a message addressed to The Aftenbladet, Stockholm. The message ran as follows: "Eighty-two degrees passed. Good journey. Northward. Andree." The date of the message cannot be ascertained.

Fell from His Train.

Madison, Wis., Aug. 17.—Robert Johnson, a brakeman on the St. Paul road, was probably fatally injured late Sunday night by a fall from his train near Cross Plains. Just how the accident occurred is not known. He sustained severe injuries to his head and spine and it is hardly possible that he will recover. Johnson is one of the best known men on the Prairie du Chien division of the St. Paul road. He is 54 years old, and has worked for the St. Paul company thirty years, twenty of which he served as yardmaster in Prairie du Chien.

Death of a Probable Somnambulist.

Corder, Mo., Aug. 17.—Miss Mary Bowman, whose mangled body was found on the Chicago and Alton railroad Sunday, did not live in St. Louis, as stated in a dispatch from Higginsville, but resided at the little post town of Zif, Wayne county, Ills. It is thought Miss Bowman left her berth on the train in a somnambulistic state and walked off the rear platform of the sleeper.

The Weather We May Expect.

Washington, Aug. 17.—Following are the weather indications for twenty-four hours from 8 p. m. yesterday: For Indiana and Illinois—Fair weather; warmer in northern portions; northwesterly winds, becoming variable. For Michigan and Wisconsin—Fair, warmer weather; light northerly winds, becoming variable. For Iowa—Fair, warmer weather; variable winds, becoming southerly.

THE MARKETS.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

Chicago, Aug. 16.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—August, opened and closed nominal; September, opened 85½c, closed 85½c; December, opened 83½c, closed 83¾c; May, opened 82½c, closed 82½c. Corn—August, opened and closed nominal; September, opened 28¾c, closed 28¾c; December, opened 30¼c, closed 30c; May, opened and closed 32½c. Oats—September, opened 18c, closed 17¾c; December, opened and closed 18¾c; May, opened 21¼c, closed 21¼c. Pork—September, opened $8.07, closed $8.05; October, opened $8.12½, closed $8.07½c; December, opened $8.20, closed $8.17½. Lard—September, opened, $4.45, closed $4.45; October, opened $4.47½, closed $4.50; December, opened $4.57½, closed $4.55.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 15c per lb; extra dairy, 13c; fresh packing stock, 8c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 11½ per dozen. Live Poultry—Turkeys, 7@9c per lb; chickens (hens), 7c; spring chickens, 10c; ducks, 8@8½c. Potatoes—Early Ohio, 45@60c per bu. Blackberries—Fair to good, 50@75c per 16-qt. case.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Aug. 16.

Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 33,000; sales ranged at $3.90@4.12½ for pigs, $3.90@4.12½ for light, $3.80@3.75 for rough packing, $3.85@4.07 for mixed, and $3.80@4.02½ for heavy packing and shipping lots. Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 22,000; quotations ranged at $4.90@5.15 for choice to extra shipping steers, $4.50@4.85 good to choice do., $4.20@4.50 fair to good, $3.65@4.20 common to medium do., $3.60@4.25 butchers' steers, $3.25@3.90 stockers, $3.80@4.45 feeders, $1.90@3.90 cows, $2.60@4.30 heifers, $2.00@3.90 bulls, oxen and stags $2.75@4.20 Texas steers, and $3.25@6.2 veal calves. Sheep and Lambs—Estimated receipts for the day, 21,000; lambs 5@10c lower; quotations ranged at $2.75@4.10 westerns, $2.70@3.80 Texans, $2.35@4.20 natives and $3.25@5.35 lambs.

Milwaukee Grain.

Milwaukee, Aug. 16.

Wheat—Higher; No. 1 northern, 92½c; No. 2 spring, 89½c; December, 82¾c. Corn—Steady; No. 3, 28½c. Oats—Quiet; No. 2 white, 21@22c. Barley—Firm; No. 2, 42c; sample, 36@42c. Rye—Firm; No. 1, 46½c.

COUNT IS THE VICTOR.

He Gives Prince Henri Two Dangerous Wounds.

DUEL TAKES PLACE NEAR PARIS.

The Italian Leaves the Field of Honor with Only a Trifling Scratch on One Hand, While His Antagonist Is Left in the Care of Surgeons—The Combat Lasted Twenty-Six Minutes and Was Fought with Vigor.

Paris, Aug. 16.—The duel between Prince Henri of Orleans and the Count of Turin, a nephew of King Humbert, which grew out of statements made by the prince regarding the conduct of the Italian prisoners who were captured by King Menelek during the recent disastrous campaign in Abyssinia, took place at 5 o'clock Sunday morning in the Bois des Marchaux, about ten miles from Paris. The fight was a desperate one. The prince was severely wounded and was removed from the field hors de combat. The count was slightly wounded.

The place where the meeting occurred is a favorite dueling ground. Certain cynical persons decline even now to regard the affair seriously, and describe it as a "horrible accident" on the field of honor. A majority of the Parisians, however, treat it as an international event of the most tragic importance. The victim is the hero of the hour, and bulletins from his bedside are read with breathless interest on the boulevards.

Paris Violently Excited.

The interesting invalid has only to express the desire and France will place all her destinies in his hands—so at least the volatile enthusiasm of the crowds which throng the streets would indicate. Nothing, indeed, has thrown Paris into such a fever of excitement since President Carnot was assassinated. It is hardly necessary in recording this event to reproduce the many columns of patriotic thapsedy which fill the special editions of the Paris newspapers. The story, when compressed into more modest proportions, is about as follows:

The two principals realized that the tremendous public interest in their affaire d'honneur forced upon them the choice between a real duel and exposure to such penalties of popular ridicule that their reputations would not survive. The conferences between the seconds became more numerous and solemn than ever, the veil of mystery was wound ostentationsly around every feature of the affair, and every punctillo was strictly observed. Principals and seconds alike knew that the eyes of Europe were upon them and acted as though the fate of the universe was in their keeping.

False Reports Circulated.

It was really supremely ridiculous. All manner of false reports were industriously circulated, partly to whet public curiosity and partly to conceal the time and place of meeting. It was announced that the fight would not take place on Sunday, owing to religious reasons. This proved a complete ruse, and the eager populace went to bed Saturday night expecting that the combat would take place on Monday. Consequently only privileged confidants were present when swords were crossed at sunrise Sunday morning.

The resolute demeanor of each combatant at the opening of the duel promised the witnesses a sight rarely vouchsafed in the modern duello—two practiced swordsmen fighting a l'outrance. Early in the contest Prince Henri's rapier scratched the Count of Turin's right hand, but did not disarm him. Not long after the count wounded the prince in the right shoulder. Either of these contretempts would have sufficed to vindicate honor in an ordinary duel, but merely served in this case to deepen the passions of the combatants.

Lasted Twenty-Six Minutes.

Five successive bouts were fought, two of which were at the closest quarters, each swordsman apparently trying to rush his adversary. The combat lasted twenty-six minutes. Finally a lunge from the Count of Turin pinked Prince Henri on the abdomen and the right side, the sword penetrating somewhat deeply. The wound was a severe one, and effectually prevented any more fighting on the part of the prince. The combatants then shook hands and physicians dressed their wounds. Prince Henri was removed to his father's residence and immediately put to bed. It is generally stated that his injury endangers his life. The count's sword missed penetrating the intestines by half a centimeter. The physicians in attendance upon the prince decline to pronounce upon the gravity of the wound until forty-eight hours shall have elapsed.

Duelists To Be Excommunicated.

London, Aug. 16.—A special dispatch from Rome, published Monday says it is reported there that the pope will excommunicate Prince Henri of Orleans and the Count of Turin, as duelling is forbidden by the Roman Catholic church.

Dividends Declared.

Washington, Aug. 16.—The comptroller of the currency has declared dividends in favor of the creditors of insolvent banks as follows: Twenty-five per cent., Sumner National bank of Wellington, Kan.; 10 per cent., Humboldt First National bank of Humboldt, Kan.; 10 per cent., the Marine National bank of Duluth, Minn.; 5 per cent., the American National bank of Arkansas City, Kan.; 5 per cent., the Stock Growers' bank of Miles City, Mont.

Costly Fire at Baltimore.

Baltimore, Aug. 16.—The large saw and planing mills of the Tunis Lumber company, which are located at the foot of Boston street, on the water front, were destroyed by fire Sunday night. Fire was communicated to the structure by a bolt of lightning and the conflagration was only subdued after it had wrought damage to the extent of $600,000. As far as could be ascertained all damage is fully covered by insurance.

Accident on a British Cruiser.

Trondhjem, Norway, Aug. 16.—Advices just received here from Iceland announce that during firing practice on board the British third-class cruiser Champion, off the coast, a gun burst, dangerously wounding an officer and four men and seriously three other men.

SLASHED WITH A RAZOR.

Five Pittsburg Police Officers Badly Cut by an Anarchist.

Pittsburg, Aug. 16.—Five officers were terribly slashed by James Elbert, an Austrian anarchist, in No. 3 police station Sunday morning. One of the officers, George McIntyre, may die. He is horribly cut on the right side of the face, the wound extending from the ear to the thorax, and part of the ear being cut off. Elbert had been arrested for annoying his former employers. The prisoner had been remanded for a further investigation and was about to be taken back to his cell, when he produced a razor from some unknown source and started the slashing. After he had cut every one that barred his path Elbert rushed through the matron's department, plunged through an open window on to the roof of the stable in the rear and jumped from the roof in Spring alley.

Covered with blood the officers pursued the desperate man through the alley to Twenty-seventh street, where he turned down to Penn avenue. Officer W. E. Corless, who was in the lead and was badly cut, fired three shots at the fleeing man, one of which took effect in the right arm and compelled him to slacken his speed. When Twenty-eighth street was reached Elbert was overtaken. All of the six men, the pursued and the pursuers, were bleeding from numerous wounds, but Still Elbert fought like a tiger and the officers were compelled to club him into insensibility before he could be taken back to the police station.

FARMERS HAPPY OVER PROSPECTS

Big Crops of Corn, Oats, Barley and Tobacco Assured to Dane County.

Madison, Wis., Aug. 16.—Farmers in this section are happy over the prospects for an abundant harvest. The excellent weather conditions of late have counterbalanced the depressing influences of the spring, when the continued cold weather caused much gloomy foreboding. The corn, which was much delayed thereby, has now more than attained the growth usual at this season, and promises a splendid yield.

The oat crop is enormous, as is also the barley. Very little stacking has been done and most farmers are still busy harvesting. Tobacco, too, the most marked product of southeastern Dane county, promises an excellent yield, and of this the acreage is almost doubled over previous years. Growers are now busy topping it, and in a few days will begin "shedding." Unless hailstorms set in a splendid crop is assured. The rains in this section have been frequent of late, making the pastures good, an unusual condition here in August for some time past. The second crop of clover will in general be heavier than the first. All hay was light, owing to the drouth and the protracted cold spell of the spring.

Strike Still In Abeyance.

New York, Aug. 16.—The 12,000 members of the United Brotherhood of Cloakmakers in the Greater New York district did not go out on strike Monday, as some of them had predicted. The strike is still in abeyance, and definite action will be taken one way or the other at a mass-meeting on Wednesday night next, for which a red letter call has been issued. Thus far by threatening to go out the cloakmakers in several of the city shops have brought the contractors and manufacturers to terms.

Live Cartridge Was Used.

London, Aug. 16.—While the British battleship Prince George was exercising her crew at "action quarters" in the English channel a live cartridge was accidentally used in one of the guns instead of a dummy. When the gun was fired the ball passed between the funnels of the new Japanese warship Fuzi, lying at Portsmouth, causing consternation among the sailors who were on the Fuzi's deck. An inquiry has been ordered into the matter by the admiralty.

Remains of Senator George.

Jackson, Miss., Aug. 16.—The remains of Senator James Z. George, who died at Mississippi City Saturday, reached this city Sunday, and were received by an immense crowd. A line of march was formed and the remains conveyed to the rotunda of the capitol, where they laid in state under a military guard until Monday, when they were taken to Carrollton, Miss., for burial by the side of his wife, who died a few weeks ago.

Valuable Filly Stolen.

Cincinnati, Aug. 16.—Animosa, a 3-year-old filly, was stolen from the Newport, Ky., race track early Monday morning. Some one saw a colored man riding her in a gallop from the stables of Adams & Turner, her owners, and pass out at the carriage gate. It is thought the theft is for the purpose of entering her under another name. She recently broke the track record at Newport and is valued at $5,000.

Restoration of Wages Promised.

Chester, Pa., Aug. 16.—The employes of George C. Heltzel & Co., manufacturers of worsted goods, have been notified that the wages paid in 1892 would be restored on Sept. 6 next. The notice was a surprise, as the restoration was granted by the firm without solicitation on the part of the hands. Heltzel & Co. employ several hundred people. Since 1892 two reductions of wages have been made, aggregating about 20 per cent., and until three weeks ago the mill has been running on half time. The firm has of late received many new orders and the employes are working full time.

Nervous

People wonder why their nerves are so weak; why they get tired so easily; why they do not sleep naturally; why they have frequent headaches, indigestion and

Nervous Dyspepsia. The explanation is simple. It is found in that impure blood feeding the nerves on refuse instead of the elements of strength and vigor. Opiate and nerve compounds simply deaden and do not cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla feeds the nerves pure, rich blood; gives natural sleep, perfect digestion, is the true remedy for all nervous troubles.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

EXILED TO SIBERIA.

By WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON.

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[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER V.

THE BURNING BARGE.

On the bank of the river Tura, in front of the gloomy palisades of the great forwarding prison of Tiumen, there were grouped one morning late in the month of May a band of Russian exiles 400 or 500 in number.

A cordon of soldiers hemmed them in on all sides, and close by a railed platform zigzagged down the steep bank to the water's edge, where lay a long, low vessel with black hull and yellow deck work, a convict barge waiting to receive its cargo.

The wretched convicts represented all sorts of types and contrasts—fierce mountaineers from Circassia and Daghestan, sunburned Tartars from the lower Volga, Turks from the Crimea, with their scarlet fezzes, and Jews from Podolia.

A little apart from the rest stood two youthful figures with haggard faces in whom we find it difficult to recognize Maurice Hammond and Philip Danvers.

Partly by rail, partly by water, they had journeyed, with many delays, along the vast exile route.

Passing through the great fair city of Nijni Novgorod, the populous towns of Kazan and Perm, they crossed the dreary range of the Ural mountains, passed the boundary line between Russia and Siberia, and now, broken by hardship and suffering, still ignorant of their destination, they had reached Tiumen, 1,700 miles from St. Petersburg.

The past seems almost a dream. Hope has fled long ago, and they have learned to suffer in silence, thankful at least that they have not been separated from each other.

In their character of political prisoners they have been treated with some slight consideration, to distinguish them from the coarser class of criminals, but all attempts to obtain audience with any officials, in hope of convincing them of the fearful mistake that has been made, have been fruitless.

Vladimir Saradoff's triumph is complete. The net is woven tightly about his victims, and there is no escape from the living death to which he has consigned them.

"Come on; they are going now," said Maurice, and as he spoke a commotion was visible among the exiles, and the commanding officer shouted:

"Forward, now! Get on board!"

In groups of twos and threes the wretched prisoners filed down the platform past the armed guards, who stood 20 feet apart, and crossed the floating wharf to the barge.

This vessel was about 100 feet long. At each extremity was built a deckhouse painted yellow, and the space between these was roofed over with timber and faced with heavy wire screens. In these pens the prisoners were placed.

Beneath the deck were dark, gloomy holes, with tiers of narrow bunks, where they were to sleep.

The boys sat down on the bare floor in one corner of the pen and watched for an hour or two the strange scene that was taking place before them.

The prisoners, crowding up against the screen, were carrying on a brisk business with the peddlers and peasant women who had come on board the barge with bread, cakes, salted cucumbers, strings of dried mushrooms and fish pies.

The chaffing and buying kept up briskly until a little past noon.

Then a steamer backed up to the vessel, with a great blowing of whistles, and in a few moments the convict barge was speeding through the black current of the river on its long voyage to Tomsk.

It was evident that Captain Sasha, the commandant of the Moscow prison, had received special instructions concerning the two boys. They were guarded more closely, it is true, than the common prisoners, but as yet they had not suffered the indignity of being chained, and they were supplied with reasonably good food.

Moreover, although they did not know it themselves, they were being transported across Siberia with a rapidity that is seldom granted to Russian exiles. Instead of marching hundreds of miles on foot, they had journeyed entirely by rail and by water.

With their fellow passengers they had little or nothing to do. They were all low grade convicts—thieves, murderers, bandits—a fact which Maurice was not slow to recognize.

In the past two months the boys had picked up a slight smattering of the Russian language and were now able to understand the commands of the soldiers and officers.

Day after day the barge moved slowly on its course, first up the sluggish current of the river Tobol and then down the more impetuous waters of the Ob.

For hours at a time the boys gazed wearily on the ever changing landscape, the forest clad hills and mountains, the pretty villages with their golden spires, and the waving fields of grain, for such was Siberian scenery at this season of the year. This vast continent is not always the barren, snow clad desert that many believe it to be perpetually.

Among their fellow prisoners the boys had made one acquaintance, a middle aged Russian, who appeared to be of a higher class than his associates, though he possessed a cast of features by no means prepossessing. He had scraped acquaintance with Maurice by addressing him in French, a language which the lad happened to have acquired at college, and in his delight at finding some one from whom he could obtain information Maurice gladly overlooked all other considerations.

The Russian's name was Grodno, and he very freely confessed to Maurice that his offense was smuggling contraband goods over the Russian border.

If he expected a like return of confidence, he was disappointed, for Maurice was clever enough to see that it would be unwise to make a confidant of such a man. Instead he allowed himself to pose as a political prisoner. However, in regard to that matter of which he was most anxious, he could learn nothing. Grodno, disappointed perhaps to find that his friend was neither a cutthroat nor a robber, disclaimed all knowledge of what was usually done with "politicals," as he rather scornfully termed them.

The Russian possessed another friend on board the barge, a most villainous looking Turk, with sunburned face and a stubby black beard. He wore a greasy red fez and was continually smoking a short clay pipe.

Grodno and Hamid, for that was the Turk's name, held long and whispered conversations in Russian day after day, always keeping apart in a corner by themselves and separating whenever any of the guards approached. These secret palavers Maurice observed with suspicion and distrust, for their actions on many occasions showed that the boys had something to do with the subject of their discussion.

Meanwhile the barge was drawing nearer its destination, and the dreary 2,000 mile ride would soon be over.

All day they had been drifting through a wild and picturesque bit of country, and now at sunset the air was sultry and oppressive.

Maurice and Phil, their heads resting on their coats, were lying close up against the grating. The hot atmosphere below deck was intolerable, and the indulgent guards had allowed a great many of the convicts to remain out instead of driving them all below, as was the usual rule.

It was remarkably quiet, so still indeed that the splash of the paddles was heard distinctly from the steamer some distance ahead.

The guards paced slowly up and down the deck, glancing watchfully at the prisoners from time to time. Off against the railing the commanding officer, Captain Stanisla, was smoking his evening cigar, and its fumes, drifting in through the grating, mingled with the villainous odor of Hamid's pipe.

Suddenly, when the guard's back was turned, Grodno slunk up to the boys and threw himself carelessly at their side. "Want to escape," he whispered, "want to leave vessel, hide in woods, go back to Russia?"

"What do you mean?" asked Maurice sharply.

"Hush!" said the Russian. "Don't talk, don't say a word. Do you want to go?"

"Yes," replied Maurice incautiously, "of course we want to go. But tell me, Grodno, what do you mean?"

"Hush; not now," replied Grodno, and slipping off in the gloom he disappeared, leaving the boys in a state of great excitement.

"I'd like to know what he means," said Maurice. "I don't see how escape can be possible from a place like this."

"It's a plot of some kind," replied Phil. "That's what Grodno and Hamid have been discussing for the last week. I don't like the looks of either of those fellows, Maurice, and in a matter of escape I am afraid they would only use us to serve their own ends."

"I believe all that," rejoined Maurice, "but a chance of escape is not to be neglected under any circumstances, Phil. If only we could find some influential person to listen to our story, he might be induced to investigate it and prove our innocence. If we escape and are recaptured, it will hardly make our position worse than it is now. But what became of Grodno? Did you see?"

"No; he and Hamid have disappeared," replied Phil.

"I saw them going toward the hatchway a moment ago."

The twilight had now merged into darkness, and the dim outline of the shores had vanished. A slight breeze sprang up, and the prisoners pressed close against the grating to enjoy its invigorating effect.

"Hamid can't be very far away," said Phil suddenly. "I can smell that villainous pipe of his plainly. Don't you notice it?"

"I can smell something," said Maurice, "but I don't believe it's Hamid's pipe. It seems a very different kind of odor."

An armed soldier strolled slowly past the grating at that moment, and the conversation closed.

As soon as he was gone Maurice began to sniff the air uneasily.

"That's not tobacco smoke, Phil," he said finally. "I half believe something is burning. The odor is getting stronger every instant."

Before Phil could reply a sudden commotion was heard behind them, and turning quickly the boys saw a confused mass of convicts struggling up the hatchway, their dark forms outlined against a dull red glow.

Then the silence was broken by a sharp cry of "Fire! Fire! Fire!" and instantly an uproar arose that made the boys' hair fairly stand on end.

Shrieking, swearing and shouting, the panic stricken wretches surged up the hatchway and flung themselves against the grating until it trembled and creaked. The guards ran up and down the deck, the officers shouted fiercely, and through the open hatchway the angry flames were already visible. "We'll be burned alive," cried Maurice, and he tore desperately at the grating. The hatchway was now one mass of flames, volumes of smoke were pouring out, and the deck planks were getting hot.

Suddenly a shrill whistle was heard from the steamer, and then the barge seemed to lie motionless on the water.

The guards, apparently stupefied at this appalling calamity, ran helplessly about the deck, while the officers seemed to have disappeared.

Maurice and Phil joined with the rest in their desperate rush against the grating, but as the stout iron refused to yield and the smoke and heat became almost unendurable they lost all hope of escaping the flames.

At this moment of despair a hand clutched Maurice's arm, and a voice whispered in his ear: "Follow me. Come this way."

Grodno—for it was he—had already vanished, but the boys turned in the direction he had taken and fought their way through the frenzied crowd.

The opposite side of the pen, strangely enough, was almost deserted, and here they found Grodno and Hamid fumbling at the grating.

"All right," the Russian whispered triumphantly, and to their amazement the boys saw that he had opened one of the little sliding doors.

He darted quickly through, followed by Hamid. Maurice, horror stricken at the thought of abandoning all these poor wretches to a shocking death, was about to attract general attention to the open doorway when, with a terrific crash, the entire grating on the opposite side of the pen gave way before the desperate efforts of the mob and toppled over on the astounded guards.

"Come quick," shouted the Russian, and without further delay the boys darted out on the open deck. Not a soldier was in sight. They were all on the other side.

Grodno had laid his plans well.

On the edge of the barge lay a rude boat, belonging to a peddler who had come on board with provisions a few days before.

Grodno and Hamid seized this by the bow and stern and dropped it with a light splash into the water. It landed fairly on its keel, and, turning to the boys, Grodno shouted: "Jump in now quick. Don't delay."

CHAPTER VI.

A MURDEROUS AMBUSH.

With a hasty glance at the sluggish black water, Maurice and Phil jumped together, landing fairly in the boat. Hamid followed instantly, but Grodno in the very act of leaping was confronted by a soldier, who presented his rifle at the convict's head and pulled the trigger. The weapon missed fire, and before the guard could recover from his surprise Grodno sprang furiously upon him and bore him to the deck.

From the boat the boys witnessed the whole affair. It was a very brief struggle, for the desperate convict, endowed with more than ordinary strength, choked his antagonist into a state of helplessness, and hastily plundering him of his sword and revolver sprang to his feet. He tossed these weapons down to Hamid, following them with the soldier's gun, and then made a desperate leap for the boat, just as half a dozen guards rounded the corner of the nearest deckhouse.

Had the fire made sufficient progress to throw any light on the scene, escape would have been impossible, but the water was shrouded in darkness, and by a skillful use of a paddle which was lying in the boat Grodno drove it some distance out in the river before the soldiers reached the spot.

"Stoop down," he whispered, and as all obeyed half a dozen rifles cracked from the deck of the barge, and a storm of bullets pattered around the boat. A straggling fire was kept up for two or three minutes, but the guards were shooting wildly, and none of the bullets struck the boat.

Grodno continued paddling with all his might, and just as the shore loomed up darkly ahead a burst of flame shot aloft from the barge, illuminating the water for many yards around. The tumult was now terrific. The steamer's shrill whistle mingled with the cries of the frightened convicts and the hoarse command of the soldiers. The flames were long since beyond all control, and the barge was doomed. The steamer had dropped alongside and appeared to be taking the prisoners from the burning vessel.

Deeply interested in the thrilling sight, the fugitives in the boat almost forgot their own peril.

They waited until the barge was a mass of flames from bow to stern, and then Grodno drove the boat on shore. As soon as Hamid and the boys were out he turned it bottom up and sent it adrift with the current.

"Captain Stanisla thinks we're drowned," he explained to Maurice. "Maybe he won't look for us. Hurry now; we must get away. They'll soon miss us."

With a last look at the steamer lying motionless on the water and the blazing hull of the barge, they turned up the steep bank and plunged into a thick forest.

Grodno assumed the leadership, and he hurried the party along at a rapid rate of speed, picking his way with wonderful skill among the trees. Hour after hour they pressed on untiringly, pausing once for a brief rest, and when at last the gray light of dawn shone through the forest the river was miles to the rear.

Grodno sprang furiously upon him.

Hungry and exhausted, the fugitives threw themselves on a mossy glade. A dense forest of poplars and silver birches was all around them, and close by was a babbling brook flowing over a bed of pebbles. Here they quenched their thirst, and then, reckless of the consequences, they slept for an hour or more until the sun was well up and shining brightly through the trees.

Maurice knew that St. Petersburg was many miles away, but he was hardly prepared for the Russian's statement that the actual distance was about 2,500 miles.

"St. Petersburg lies to the west," explained Grodno, "but to the Russian frontier it is not more than 1,000 miles. That is the point we must strike for, and we stand a good chance of reaching it, for the country to our west is much of it wild, and we are hundreds of miles north of the great Siberian roads where capture would be certain."

"And what will we do for food?" asked Maurice in dismay. "How are we going to live through such a journey as that?"

"There are villages scattered through the country," replied Grodno, "and the people are always willing to aid escaped prisoners. Our first necessity is a change of clothes. We must rid ourselves of these convict garments."

"But won't we be pursued?" asked Maurice. "How can we hope to escape the soldiers?"

"We must take the chances," replied Grodno coolly. "Our escape was discovered long ago, of course. It is possible that when the empty boat is found they will believe that we are at the bottom of the river, but it is more than likely that the Cossacks will scour the country. We must stay in hiding for a few days."

Grodno turned aside to converse with Hamid, and Maurice explained to Phil what the Russian had told him. In spite of the discouraging outlook the boys were now hopeful.

"Everything depends on reaching St. Petersburg without being retaken," said Maurice, "and once there, Phil, I shall try to see this Colonel Jaroslav. If we succeed in that, we shall be saved, and Vladimir Saradoff shall pay dearly for this outrage."

To Maurice, comparatively ignorant of the tremendous obstacles in the way, the chances of reaching St. Petersburg seemed very good, and his cheering words brightened Phil considerably.

The conversation was cut short by Grodno, who announced that it was time to start.

The Russian was armed with the gun and the sword, while Hamid was in possession of the revolver. They traveled on through the forest until long past noon, and then, worn out by long marching and by hunger, they halted by a small stream. It was impossible to proceed farther without food. A close search revealed a few stunted raspberries, which were eagerly devoured. Birds were chattering overhead in the trees, but Grodno refused to use his weapon, for fear the Cossacks would hear the report and be attracted to the spot. They succeeded in finding enough raspberries partly to satisfy their hunger, and with fresh hope they struggled on for three or four miles.

Toward sunset a glad sight met their eyes. In a small clearing amid the forest stood a roughly built log hut. Grodno advanced boldly to the door and, after two or three unanswered knocks, flung it open and entered. He reappeared in a moment, beckoning to his companions, and they hurried eagerly forward.

"Some woodcutter's hut," said Grodno. "The owner has gone away, but he was considerate enough to leave this behind him," and he pointed to a couple of hard loaves of bread and a quantity of dried mushrooms. A careful search revealed nothing else that could be of use save a few matches, and leaving the hut they pressed on through the forest. With sunset came a chilly breeze, but this caused the fugitives little inconvenience with their heavy woolen clothing, and when it became too dark to travel they camped by the side of a big rock and pulled branches from the birch trees to make a bed.

"It was a very encouraging sign," Grodno said, "that no trace of pursuit had yet come near them."

He conversed awhile with Hamid, and then both went calmly to sleep.

Maurice and Phil remained awake for some time, listening to the rustling of the breeze in the tree tops and thinking over their dreary situation. In spite of their weariness they were unable to sleep.

"I wish it were possible to make our way back to Russia without our companions," said Maurice. "They are both hard characters. I am certain of that, and they may intend to commit other crimes. We may find ourselves in a worse plight than we were in before."

"I agree with you there," replied Phil, "and, what is more, I have a dreadful suspicion that it was Grodno and Hamid who set the barge on fire."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Maurice suddenly. "Why didn't I think of that before? You are right, Phil; you are certainly right. These two scoundrels started that fire in order to escape and ran the risk of burning all those poor wretches alive. What bloodthirsty fiends they must be! I declare I'm sorry we left the barge at all. Why, Phil, if we are caught now they'll probably shoot us. We are equally guilty with these two villains. Grodno says he can procure us other clothing, and as that is absolutely necessary we will be compelled to stay with them for a few days yet, but at the very first opportunity we will leave them and strike out for ourselves. It is a mighty slim chance, but anything is preferable to keeping company with such men."

"Hush!" said Phil. "I believe they are awake."

The boys had barely time to lie down and feign sleep when Grodno sat up and looked around him.

He fell back in a moment, and after lying awake for nearly an hour longer, not daring to resume the conversation, the boys finally fell into a restless slumber that lasted until daybreak.

Enough food still remained to make the fugitives a breakfast, and after hunting up a small stream, where the boys washed their faces and quenched their thirst, the march was resumed to the westward.

So great was the aversion which Maurice and Phil felt toward their companions since the mutual discovery made the previous night that it was impossible to avoid showing it. Grodno perhaps realized something of this, for his repulsive face wore a sullen aspect, and he turned his whole attention to Hamid, carrying on an animated conversation, not a word of which the boys understood.

A few hours' march through the same monotonous forest brought them to the edge of a vast open plain carpeted with waving grass and numerous wild flowers.

Along the edge of the woods ran a well defined road, on which recent wheel tracks were plainly visible, and less than two miles distant towered from the plain a couple of gilded crosses shining in the morning sun and a cluster of low, gray houses.

As they stood gazing in consternation on the distant village and the open country Grodno fiercely motioned them under cover.

Along the very side of the road lay dense timber, with high grass and scattered rocks. Crouching down in this, the boys could see a vehicle of some sort approaching rapidly from the direction of the village. As it drew nearer they saw that it was a small wagon covered with a leather hood and drawn by a pair of black horses.

A peasant in a red shirt was driving, and behind, with folded arms, sat a military looking man in a blue coat.

Grodno, who was under shelter of a big rock, slightly in advance of the boys, turned round and fiercely commanded them to lie low and make no noise.

He deliberately drew back the trigger of his rifle and thrust the muzzle out through the branches, whispering as he did so to Hamid, who at once cocked his revolver and crept a foot closer to the path.

The wagon was now within 20 yards of the spot, rattling smoothly over the grassy road, and still the boys failed to realize the dreadful significance of Grodno's preparation. When the awful truth did flash into Maurice's mind, the next instant, it was already too late. Taking careful aim, Grodno pulled the trigger, and a sharp report echoed over the plains, followed by a puff of white smoke.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN ANECDOTE OF LINCOLN.

He Measured Height With a Miner In a Pennsylvania Town.

In the course of an article in St. Nicholas Mary Lillian Herr relates the following characteristic anecdote of Lincoln:

Once while on his way to Washington as president the train stopped a little time in the town of Alleghany, Pa. Around the station a great crowd gathered, eager to see the new president. They shouted and cheered until Lincoln had to appear on the rear platform of his car. He bowed and smiled, but the crowd was so noisy he did not try to speak to them.

Very near to the platform stood a miner, wearing a red shirt and blue overalls and carrying a dinner pail. Like the rest, he had stopped hoping to see Mr. Lincoln. The workman was almost a giant in size and towered head and shoulders above the crowd.

No doubt he had heard that Lincoln also was very tall, and, encouraged by the friendly face, the workman suddenly waved his bare arm above his head and called out:

"Hi, there, Abe Lincoln! I'm taller than you—yes, a sight taller!"

This loud speech silenced the crowd by its boldness, and a laugh arose. But Mr. Lincoln, leaning forward with a good humored smile, said quietly:

"My man, I doubt it—in fact, I'm sure I am the taller. However, come up and let's measure."

The crowd made way and the workman climbed to the platform and stood back to back with the president elect. Each put up a hand to see whose head overtopped. Evidently Mr. Lincoln was the victor, for with a smile of satisfaction he turned and offered his hand to his beaten rival, saying cordially:

"I thought you were mistaken and I was right, but I wished to be sure and to have you satisfied. However, we are friends anyway, aren't we?"

Grasping the outstretched hand in a vigorous grip the workman replied:

"Yes, Abe Lincoln—as long as I live."

Value of the Egg In Sickness.

The value of egg albumen as food in certain diseased conditions is pointed out by Dr. C. E. Boynton. When fever is present and appetite is nil, he says, when we want an aseptic article of diet, the white of an egg raw serves both as food and medicine. The way to give it is to drain off the albumen from an opening about half an inch in diameter at the small end of the egg, the yolk remaining inside the shell. Add a little salt to this and direct the patient to swallow it. Repeat every hour or two. In typhoid fever this mode of feeding materially helps us in carrying out an antiseptic plan of treatment. Furthermore, the albumen to a certain extent may antidote the toxines of the disease. Patients may at first rebel at the idea of eating a "raw" egg, but the quickness with which it goes down without the yolk proves it to be less disagreeable than they supposed, and they are very ready to take a second dose.—Pacific Medical Journal.

Plants From Buds.

There are certain varieties of mountain plants which have a singular provision of nature for perpetuating their species. The duration of summer in those elevated regions is too short to permit of the ripening of seeds, and the top buds fall off and take root as would the seeds.

But for the English and Scotch half the villas at the French watering places would remain unlet till they fell to pieces, half the shops would be shut and half the hotels would be bankrupt.

MRS. CURTIS, NEW YORK,

Tells Her Experience With Ovaritis.

A dull, throbbing pain, accompanied by a sense of tenderness and heat low down in the side, with an occasional shooting pain, indicates inflammation.

On examination it will be found that the region of pain shows some swelling. This is the first stage of ovaritis, inflammation of the ovary. If the roof of your house leaks, my sister, you have it fixed at once; why not pay the same respect to your own body?

Do you live miles away from a doctor? Then that is all the more reason why you should attend to yourself at once, or you will soon be on the flat of your back.

You need not, you ought not to let yourself go, when one of your own sex holds out the helping hand to you, and will advise you without money and without price. Write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and tell her all your symptoms. Her experience in treating female ills is greater than any other living person. Following is proof of what we say:

"For nine years I suffered with female weakness in its worst form. I was in bed nearly a year with congestion of the ovaries. I also suffered with falling of the womb, was very weak, tired all the time, had such headaches as to make me almost wild. Was also troubled with leucorrhœa, and was bloated so badly that some thought I had dropsy. I have taken several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and several of her Blood Purifier, and am completely cured. It is a wonder to all that I got well. I shall always owe Mrs. Pinkham a debt of gratitude for her kindness. I would advise all who suffer to take her medicine."—Mrs. ANNIE CURTIS, Ticonderoga, N. Y.

INVASION OF WASHINGTON.

Admiral Cockburn's British Soldiers Looted and Fired the Public Buildings.

"The last glimmer of twilight was fading away when (after the battle at Bladensburg, two miles distant from Washington) into the well nigh deserted city rode the redoubtable Cockburn at the head of his band of marauders," writes Clifford Howard in The Ladies' Home Journal of the invasion and burning of our national capital by the British forces under Admiral Cockburn in August, 1814. "Elated at their decisive victory over a force nearly twice as large as their own and thirsting for spoils, the red coated soldiers marched triumphantly toward the capitol. Discharging their firearms at the windows, the soldiers burst in the doors and with a shout of triumph carried their leader to the speaker's chair, from which, with mock gravity, he put the question, 'Shall this harbor of the Yankee democracy be burned?' A yell of affirmation rang through the hall, and without further preliminaries papers and other combustibles were piled under the desks and set on fire. In a few minutes this noble edifice that had been in course of construction more than 20 years and containing the library of congress and vast quantities of official documents of great historical value was destroyed.

"Now thoroughly aroused to their work of plunder, a howling crowd of the desperate marauders hurried to the White House in the hope perchance of capturing the president and his wife. Finding the house locked and deserted, they battered down the doors, and, consoling themselves for the loss of their distinguished captives by a ruthless destruction of the furniture, they raided the larder and regaled themselves with a hastily prepared feast in the state dining room. Then, destroying the remaining provisions and breaking and mutilating whatever they could readily lay their hands on, they concluded their visit by setting fire to the home of the president. Numerous other public and private buildings were also destroyed by fire."

A Carpet Knight.

The following curious definitions of a carpet knight were recently given in an English examination: "One who received his knighting upon the field of the cloth of gold," "a knight who stood on a carpet and had another thrown over him while being knighted," "the common black beetle, which, when squashed, resembles all the different shades of a brussels carpet," "a knight which sleeps on a carpet," "a man like, for instance, Sir X. & Co., who is one of the best carpet makers, and because he did make them so well he was make a knight."

A shot was said to go off "because the sudden shock in a sort of way frightens the bullet." And it was declared that a dog turns around several times before settling down to sleep "to make sure he is not sitting on any unpleasant object, such as a black beetle, pin," etc.

A Good Guess of Long Ago.

During the American Revolution an English magazine published an estimate of the North American colonies. Placing the population then at 2,000,000 and assuming that it would double itself every 25 years, the writer estimated that in the year 1890 the number would have increased to 64,000,000. This may be taken as a most remarkable prophecy, inasmuch as the census of 1890 fixes the total population at 62,622,250.

Angelic Temperament.

"He is good natured, is he?"

"Good natured! Why, I have known that man to wear a smiling face when he was speaking of taking off a porous plaster."—Boston Traveler.

RECALLED BY TELEGRAPHER

Attraction of a Scene In a Play Suggests a Story.

When "Secret Service" was first produced in New York, the audiences for the first week or two included a large number of telegraph operators, attracted by the vivid description given of the scene in which Gillette sends the message and is shot through the hand. Interest in this part of the play waned slightly, so far as the knights of the key were concerned, when it was found that the telegraphing, while it sounded very real to the uninitiated, was nothing but a succession of meaningless clicks.

Why it was expected that there should be real telegraphing any more than there should be real killing on the stage was explained by an old operator recently. "There lingers in the mind of all the older men in the business," said he, "the memory of the telegraphing scene in Oliver Doud Byron's play, 'Across the Continent,' in which a genuine operator was substituted for the actor long enough to tick out a welcome to any member of the profession who might be in the audience. It was at Mrs. John Drew's old Arch Street theater in Philadelphia, about 15 years ago. Every night the man on the stage would spell out: 'Good evening, boys! If you are all feeling well, rap out an answer on the iron support of the seat in front of you. All together, now—one, two, three. Go!'

"The rest of the audience were bewildered by the ticking all over the house, and it was great fun for the boys and a shrewd move on the part of the management, for it attracted telegraphers in great force. They enjoyed the puzzled expression of the people, who couldn't understand the unanimity of the answer from the gallery, orchestra and lobby. Of course the talk between the stage and the house was not confined to this salutation. It was on all sorts of topics, usually in the form of an interrogation, with a request for a simultaneous answer. The story has been told to the younger men, and whenever a play is produced in which a telegraph key figures they like to see if the experience will be repeated."—New York Mail and Exppress.

BARONIAL PARKS.

The Extent of Some Which Surround the Houses of English Noblemen.

An article in The Cornhill Magazine on the cost of maintaining country houses contains some extremely interesting particulars about the size of noblemen's parks. One hardly likes, the writer says, to guess the cost of repairs to the loose stone wall around Badminton park, high enough to prevent a deer leaping it and inclosing 986 deer. At Welbeck there are 10½ miles of iron fencing around the three deer parks. Thoresby park is 12 miles around.

Though the deer have been removed or destroyed in no less than 50 parks since 1867 there are 404 deer parks and paddocks in England and Wales alone, and 8 of these are over 2,000 acres. Savernake is 4,000 acres. There are many over 1,000 acres. The area has an additional interest for the owner, because the bigger the park the more gates and lodges and roads it needs, and park roads, except town roads, are the dearest in this country.

In parks like Bridge, with 2,500 acres; Knowsley, 2,000 acres; Blenheim, 2,254 acres; Tatton, 2,000 acres, and others of less size, the mileage of roads, unless their numbers were kept down, would rival those of a moderate parish.

The lowest number by which a great house and its garden parks and accessories can be served and kept up is from 50 to 60 men. Of these great houses there are not less than 900 in England, Wales and Scotland. Those of the third magnitude have a minimum staff of 50 men. Those of the second magnitude, some of them very large and splendid houses, almost or quite reaching the first dimensions, employ from 90 to 150 or 175 men. Beyond these are the stars of the first magnitude, real palaces, maintaining from 200 to, in one case—not Chatsworth—more than 600 men in the performance of work, other than industrial or agricultural, in the service of the owner.

An International Engagement.

"Announcement is made," says the Boston Transcript, "of the engagement of Sir John Ainsworth, her majesty's special commissioner in British east Africa, to Miss Ina Scott, formerly of West Philadelphia. Miss Scott is a sister of the late Rev. P. Cameron Scott, who was director and founder of the African Inland mission. She went out to Africa under the auspices of the Philadelphia missionary council a little more than a year ago with her father and mother, her sister, Miss Margaret, being already on the missionary field. Sir John Ainsworth took a deep interest in the work of the mission and aided materially in the foundation of mission stations. He formed a close attachment for the earnest young missionary, the Rev. P. Cameron Scott, who died on the missionary field last winter. Sir John and Lady Ainsworth will probably not remain in British east Africa. They are now at Machaki, but it is expected that Sir John will return to England at the close of his special governmental mission in Africa."

The Lines of the Hand.

They were out driving and had come upon a fine stretch of shady country road.

"Do you believe in palmistry," he asked—"the reading of one's fortune by the lines in one's hand?"

"I believe," she said, "that if I could see the lines in only one of your hands I could foretell that we would have a very pleasant drive."

He immediately caught on and grasped the reins with one hand and the situation with the other.—Comic Cuts.

A LUCKY FIND.

Tale of a Valuable Watch That Was Lost on an Elevated Railroad.

"This watch in itself is a valuable one," said a New York business man as he took the timepiece from the peculiar looking fob in which he carries it, "but it had an adventure last week that gives it a still greater value to me. The fob is an heirloom, and, as you may see, would be apt to attract attention anywhere.

"One afternoon last week I was going up town on a crowded train on the Sixth avenue elevated. The train was so crowded that I was compelled to stand on a car platform close to the brake wheel. As the train was rounding the curve out of West Third street I took my watch from my pocket, removed it from the fob, and, after noting the time, shoved it back into the fob and returned it, as I thought, to the pocket. Instead of getting it into the pocket, however, it was on the outside, and as I let it go it fell. The guard saw it as it fell and reached out his foot to save it from going between the platforms, but failed, and down it went.

"I got off the train at Eighth street and ran back as fast as I could to the spot where the watch had dropped, having, I may of course say, not the slightest hope that the watch would be anywhere to be seen. When I reached the place, my heart almost jumped out of my throat, for there in the street, conspicuous among its surroundings, lay the fob. I picked it up. It was empty. No watch could I find anywhere.

"'Some one has found it,' was naturally my conclusion, and that was the last I ever expected to hear or see of it.

"But as I walked back toward the Eighth street station I got to thinking about the matter differently. If any one had found the watch, why should he have left the fob? The more I thought of it the more I made up my mind that the watch hadn't been found. I boarded a train at Eighth street and went up town to the railroad headquarters. There I told of the singular thing that had happened to my watch, and the officer in charge told me that after the commission hours were over for the day the track walkers would start from Fifty-ninth street down the line, making their regular inspection of the rails and roadway, and he would instruct them to keep an eye out for the lost watch.

"'But,' said he, smiling, 'I guess you will have to come to the conclusion, after all, that some one else will tell the time by it hereafter if it hasn't been smashed to pieces by the fall.'

"Next day I went to the office. My watch was there. A track walker had discovered it by the light of his torch at midnight lying snugly on one of the girders or braces of the iron roadway beneath the track. The ring was sprung out of its fastening in the stem, and the watch was open. There was a dent on the case at the hinge. In falling the watch had struck in some mysterious way so that it had been forced from the fob, which went on down to the street. Beyond the trifling damage I mentioned the watch was not injured in the slightest. If there ever was a luckier find than that, I never heard of it."—New York Sun.

THE SACRIFICE.

It Made Mamma Sad, but the Baby Gloated and Was Glad.

She was a sweet little woman, with big brown eyes and a pretty air of determination and hardly summoned fortitude, as she led a 4-year-old boy into an up town barber shop. She took off his hat and dallied lovingly for a moment with his long yellow curls. Then she spoke to the man in the first chair, but her voice faltered and fell, and no one else could hear what she said.

In a minute the little chap was perched atop of a hassock placed in the chair, a big apron was around his neck, and the barber with comb and shears in hand was preparing to begin his work.

The little woman seated herself resolutely with her face to the street and gazed straight out at the stream of teams and bicycles that fills Woodward avenue just before noon, but she didn't seem to see anything of the long procession.

"Snip, snip, snip," went the shears, and still she looked straight ahead before her. Then her head began to turn slowly, but before the fatal chair came in view she had recovered her nerve and straightened herself with a little shiver, fixing her gaze once more on the opposite side of the street.

But that couldn't last long. Her hands were beating nervously on the arms of the chair, and the toe of a dainty boot made a rat-a-tat-tat on the tiling. She shifted uneasily in her seat, and pretty soon her head turned again, very slowly this time, until she could see the devastation the shears had wrought.

One side of the little chap's head was already shorn of its long locks, and the unfeeling tonsorial artist held another curl at full length. "Snip" went the shears. The little woman gasped, and a big tear rolled down her cheek. She flicked it off, but another followed it. She didn't look away again, but the barber's task was nearly finished before she trusted herself to speak.

Then she swallowed hard, tried to smile and said in a strained, wabbly voice:

"They're almost gone now, baby."

"Yes," responded the youngster, with an approving glance at his reflection in the mirror. "I guess Dick won't call me a little girl any more."—Detroit News.

A young English girl, at a reception given to a number of literary lions, remarked to one of them, after a survey of the collection, "How very odd that the better they write the uglier they are!"

According to the computation of the Russian chronologists the creation took place B. C. 5508.

OLD NEW YORK MARKETS.

They Did Things Somewhat Differently In Town Three Hundred Years Ago.

It is more than 300 years since the authorities of New Amsterdam resolved "to erect a meat market and cover it with tiles, to have a block bought therein and to leave the key with Andries, the baker, who shall have temporary charge thereof." This was the pioneer New York market established on the green in what is now Battery park, and it was resolved by the authorities of the same time that the cattle should be hitched "beside the churchyard, where some stakes were fixed" on Broadway, a little above Morris street. For a few years this was the only market in New York; but, the local reformers of the time insisting presumably upon a change, it was determined to open a fair or market for the sale of "store and fat cattle, steers, cows, sheep, goats, hogs, bucks and such like," and to that end stalls were built. This market was opened on Oct. 20 of each year and was kept open until the last day of November.

Twenty years later a market was opened on what was called the waterside, near the bridge which spanned Wall street, and it was thrown open to the public on March 24, 1677, and continued open every Saturday following for three years. At the expiration of three years market day was changed to Wednesday, and in 1683 another step in advance was taken. There were three market days in each week—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. But the precipitate zeal and energy of the old Dutch inhabitants could not be restrained even by the conservative burgomasters, and so in 1684 it was ordered that thereafter "fish shall be brought for sale to the dock opposite the city hall and may be sold in the house that Long Mary formerly lived in; likewise herbs, fruits, roots, etc." Afterward the Broadway market house was leased out to Henry Crossley, a butcher, who stipulated to pay for it for seven years a rental of £1 per annum and keep it in good repair.

As the city of New Amsterdam was at that time somewhat short of funds a plan was adopted which in these days would never obtain the favor of the board of estimate and apportionment. It was arranged that each market should be built and kept in repair by the neighbors, and at the end of 50 years it was to belong to the city. In this manner a two story building was erected by the neighbors at the foot of Broad street. Another was put up on Hanover square—not then Hanover square—and a third at the foot of Maiden lane. The last subsequently came to be known as the Fly market and had a practical monopoly of the business of the city on that side of town until the establishment by the neighbors of a market at the foot of Wall street to be known as the Meal market. It was established "exclusively for the sale of corn and meal," and also "slaves stood for sale or to be let to hire" at this point. In 1735 these primitive market arrangements were done away with and the present system, since enlarged and improved, superseded them. The city now receives in a year in market rents $285,000, exclusive of vault rents and market permits. The whole public revenue from this source is about $300,000 a year.—New York Sun.

John Stuart Mill.

Mr. John Stuart Mill has not failed, nor can he fail. To ascertain whether a man is a failure we must ascertain what he aims at. Mr. Mill never thought to startle and dazzle the house by his oratory, as Disraeli did when he first rose to speak. Mr. Mill has no oratorical gifts, and he knows it, nor can he be called a rhetorician. He is a close reasoner and addresses himself directly to our reasoning powers, and, though he has great command of language, as all his hearers know, he never condescends to deck out his arguments in rhetorical finery to catch applause. Mr. Mill did not succeed as an orator, but then he did not attempt oratory. He did not excite a furore of cheering, but then he neither expected nor wished for applause.

Mr. Mill, we should say, cares very little for applause. Rapturous cheering such as that which Mr. Horsman and Mr. Lowe can evoke would, we venture to think, be an offense to Mr. Mill. He would perhaps ask, with the old Roman orator, "What foolish thing have I said that these people applaud?" And indeed we ourselves have after long experience come to think that applause in the house of commons is often uproarious in proportion to the foolishness of the sentiment which calls it forth. Deep attention broken only by significant murmurs is to our mind far more complimentary to a speaker than fierce and uproarious applause. What Mr. Mill intended to do was to reason calmly with his opponents, and this he succeeded in doing.—"The Inner Life of the House of Commons," William White.

How a Bird Regained Its Foot.

It is not only invertebrates that have the privilege of seeing the renewed growth of any part of their bodies which may have suffered amputation. This phenomenon, known as regeneration, also takes place in birds, if we are to believe a writer in a scientific paper, who quotes a curious case of the regeneration of the foot of a canary. This canary had been seized by the foot by a tame crow which occupied an adjoining cage, and the lower part of the leg was wrenched off. The canary did not die, however, and managed to get along with only one foot. A short time afterward it was observed that the protruding bone began to be covered with an excrescence of flesh shaped like a pear, and six or seven months afterward there grew out from this excrescence first two claws and then a whole new foot. At first the bird did not use this new member, and he remained for several weeks without resting upon it, or at least doing so very rarely, but after this period of experiment the supplementary limb became as useful and solid as the other.

ENGLISH IN CHICAGO.

Discussion on Grammar Between a Newspaper and a Citizen.

The Chicago Inter Ocean becomes both sarcastic and indignant when any one questions the purity of its diction. So when a reader named Campbell ventured to criticise expressions used by its society editor the captious one found that he had caught a Tartar. This is the way The Inter Ocean puts it:

Inclosed with the following letter, received a few days ago, were two clippings from the society columns of The Inter Ocean:

Here are three barbarisms that caught my eye in this morning's issue of your paper—There is no such word as "gowned"—it is mearly a Cockney vulgarism that had its origin in London, England—"Swellest" is of the same sort—and same origin—No American having any regard for purity of language can use such slang—As all these words appear in so called "society items" I take it your Society editor is a male or female dude and needs a lesson in language—The harm done by the use of such words in your paper is very great as thousands of children read it and absorb its words—Do stop this Cockney vulgarity—

JAMES CAMPBELL.

There is no doubt you mean well, Jim, but a term in a night school would be beneficial even to you before you begin to give lessons in English. To begin with, you would be taught there that our grandfather, Lindley Murray, always told us to use periods. You ought to have known Lindley, Jim. He was a distinguished grammarian, you know, or perhaps you don't know.

And then, Jim, there was Tennyson. He said of a heroine in one of his poems that she was "gowned in pure white." So you see Lord Tennyson found the word "gowned" to be useful long before you learned to walk steady on your hind feet or to eat with your front hoofs. Webster says "gowned" means "dressed in a gown; clad."

You say that these barbarians "caught your eye," and you fail to mention which eye they caught. How is the other eye?

You are right when you say that our society editor is either a male or a female. Do you belong to one of these sexes? We suspect not. When you write again, spell "merely" as it should be. The way you spelled it is like spelling your name "camel" instead of "Campbell." See that hump?

We don't like to offend your sensitive ear, or the other one either, Jim. Buy Webster's Dictionary and a fourth reader. Start right, and your sensitive ear may outgrow its affliction.

SAVE THE DOGS' EARS.

Cropping Them Prevents the Animals From Hearing Well.

Any one who has heard the megaphone must have wondered at the extraordinary power of increasing sound that is produced by form, and I would like to call attention to one point in connection with cutting dogs' ears that I do not remember to have seen mentioned anywhere — that is, from an acoustic standpoint:

I have lately purchased a small Yorkshire terrier, imported from England only a few months ago. Its ears were clipped in England after what the seller of the dog declared to be "the very latest style."

The ears were first clipped and then stiffened up with three effects on the dog:

First.—That the buzz of a bee or fly causes him to retreat under cover of safety.

Second.—That he ducks his head when about to be patted, a sure sign of the length of time the pain of the operation must have lasted.

Third.—(An effect I had not expected.) That he has absolutely no idea of the direction of sound.

In the ears of a mastiff dog any one who observes the shell-like form of the ear opening may easily imagine the immense power of such a trumpetlike instrument to increase the volume of sound. A change in the acoustical arrangement of the flap of the ear would necessarily entirely puzzle and bewilder the owner as to the direction of sound, and this one point on ear cutting would seem of itself to condemn the practice. —Our Animal Friends.

A Natural Magnet.

Professor Smythe was once lecturing in a provincial town on natural philosophy, and in the course of his experiments he introduced a most powerful magnet, with which he attracted a block of iron from a distance of two feet.

"Can any of you conceive a greater attractive power?" demanded the lecturer, with an air of triumph.

"I can," answered a voice from the audience.

"Not a natural terrestrial object?"

"Yes, indeed."

The lecturer, somewhat puzzled, challenged the man who had spoken to name the article. Then up rose old Johnny Sowerby. Said he:

"I will give you facts, professor, and you can judge for yourself. When I was a young man, there was a little piece o' natural magnet done up in a neat cotton dress as was called Betsy Maria. She could draw me 14 miles on Sunday over plowed land, no matter what the wind or weather. There wasn't no resistin her. That magnet o' yourn is pretty good, but it won't draw so far as Betsy Maria."—Strand Magazine.

His Connection.

Bannister, the comedian, was presented to a proud old Scotch dame. "Who are the Bannisters?" she asked peevishly. "I do not recollect meeting with them before." "Madam," replied the actor gravely, "we are closely connected with the Stairs." "Ah, there is a good and ancient family!" cried madam. "Mr. Bannister, I am delighted to make your acquaintance."—Household Words.

A Description.

"Oh, Maud?" said the other girl. "Maud is the sort of girl that every fellow who courts her has his arms full and the man who marries her will have his hands full."—Indianapolis Journal.

R. BROWN'S LOST CREEL.

Tardy Revelation of the Facts About the Loss of Fourteen Pounds of Trout.

"I lost a borrowed trout creel once," said Banana Bob Brown, the cigar man, "and was so mad at myself for not following it up and recovering it that I never told the owner how I came to lose it, but bought him another and never said a word. This happened up in Sullivan county.

"The creel was a 15 pound one, and the morning I strapped it on, ready to start out after the 15 pounds of trout necessary to fill it the landlord of the house where I was stopping said:

"'Where are you going, Mr. Brown?'

"'Where am I going?' I replied, a little ruffled. 'After trout of course. Do I look as if I was going after whales?'

"'I asked you where you were going,' said the landlord. 'I didn't ask you what you were going after.'

"'Oh,' said I, 'I'm going to Jumping creek. Trout there—ain't there?'

"'Ought to be,' said the landlord, 'if the bears haven't fished 'em all out.'

"'Bears!' I said, and I had to laugh.

"'That's right,'" said the landlord. 'Sure! Bears can beat water snakes catching trout. Water snakes can beat coons, and coons can beat the best trout fisherman that ever went out carrying his fly hook where every one can see it and his bait box hid in his pocket.'

"'Fudge!' I said and went my way.

"I had great luck that day. The creel I carried belonged to a man who lived in the village. I borrowed it because I was afraid my own creel was too small. It held only ten pounds. I had almost filled the 15 pound creel. I only lacked two pounds. I came to a pool where I knew I could get the needed two pounds of trout, and at first thought I would make short work of it by killing a two pounder, but afterward made up my mind that it would be more sport to kill two one pounders. So I prepared to do that. I had to clamber down a steep, rocky place to get to the pool, and I took off my creel and left it at the top, fearing that I might slip and fall and spill the trout and lose 'em in the creek. I got down all right, and soon had a pound trout hooked. Away he went with a rush down the stream, and I gave him line. He went 100 feet before he stopped, and then stopped right where a tremendous big bear stood in the creek, doing, as sure as you live, a little fishing for himself. Before I could reel my trout away from that spot the bear reached out and put the hooks of his big claw in my trout and yanked it out of the water, grabbing my leader at the same time and breaking it. Then that aggravating and impudent bear held up the trout for me to look at, snapped his jaws at me in a way that made my dander raise right up and waddled out of the creek into the bushes, taking my trout along. I can't remember when I had been so mad as I was to see that bear walk away with my prize.

"'Not if I know it, you don't get away with that fish!' I hollered and shinned up that rock to head the bear off and make him stand and deliver up that trout or take the consequences. When I got back to the top of the rock, I discovered that my creel of trout wasn't where I had left it. I looked all around, but it was nowhere to be seen. I hurried to the bushes, pushed them aside, and there, making for the woods, I saw two bear cubs walking off with my basket of fish, carrying it between them. I was simply dumfounded, and while I gazed after those audacious young thieves they were joined by the old bear that had caught my big trout down the creek, and away the trio went, showing every evidence of hilarity over the way they had tricked me. Instead of bounding after that robber bear family, recovering the property they had looted me of and administering them such punishment as they richly deserved, I was so taken aback that I stood there like a chump and let them escape. When I came to some degree of reason, I was so mad at myself that I went home ashamed to tell how I really had lost the creel and faked up some story about its having tumbled into the creek and been washed away. This is the first time I ever gave away the truth about losing that creel, and I feel better for it."—New York Sun.

A State Secret.

Great successes often depend upon small considerations, and the wife of a member of congress, a statesman to whom his constituents are wont to point as a man of the people whom flattery cannot divert from his old customs and associations, fully realizes this fact. A school friend who had not seen her since girlhood surprised and delighted her with a visit not long since.

"How industrious you are!" exclaimed the visitor.

"In what way?"

"I don't know. I suppose it is fancy work. I know that you used to have a great aversion to plain sewing, but you must be very diligent indeed to have your workbasket in this room."

"Would you like to know what I am at work on?"

"Certainly."

"You shall see for yourself. Here it is." And she held up to view a half knit sock of old fashioned blue yarn.

"You—you don't mean to say that your husband wears things like that?"

"Oh, no. He wouldn't think of wearing them. I have a whole lot that I will give away to anybody who will use them."

"Do you do this for pleasure?"

"No; it isn't at all for pleasure. It's business, and I never occupy myself in that way except when it is absolutely necessary. But I always keep the work handy and whenever one of the old fashioned rural voters of my husband's district comes to make him a call—and you have no idea how many honor us with that attention—I get it out and knit away for dear life. It is a good deal of bother, but it's worth it, for you really can't imagine how it pleases them."—Washington Star.

PREPARED FOR THE WORST.

The Hotel Didn't Burn, but if It Had He Would Have Been Fixed.

"Do you believe that we are sometimes forewarned of great dangers?" asked the commercial traveler. "Did you ever have—what you call it?—premonitions? Well, I was premonished the other night. I had to put up at a junction hotel, and they sent me clear up to the top of the building into one of those rooms with a slanted ceiling. You know the kind. You pay for the room, and the roof occupies it.

"There was one window. I looked out of the window, and it seemed to be at least 60 feet down to the ground. It was a wooden building, and an old one, understand? While I was looking out of the window a freight train went by, and the engine threw out a million sparks.

"'Well,' I says to myself, 'I can see my finish right now. There'll be 40 trains going by on these two roads tonight, and it's a four to one shot that this hotel is going to catch fire.' I looked out again. There wasn't any fire escape, and they didn't have any rope in the room. You see, in a good many places like that they have a big coil of rope in one corner and a sign that says, 'In case of fire take hold of the rope and jump.' A man reads that sign and then he can't sleep all night.

"Well, I looked out of the window again, and a switch engine pulled past and shot out a lot of live cinders as big as your fist. That settled it. I went over to the bed and found it had two sheets. I took out my pencil and figured that I could tear each sheet into four strips, and, allowing for the knots, each sheet would make about 24 feet of fire escape, although, of course, there would be some waste where I would have to tie it to the bed. I figured that I could push the bed over to the window, fasten one end of my rope to the headboard and play out about 45 feet. I had it all fixed—some water all ready in the bowl, so as to dampen the knots and pull them hard. Of course I still had some distance to fall after I got to the end of my rope, but that was all right You know, as soon as I had my rope fixed I was going to drop the mattress, so as to have something to fall on.

"I took my cardcase, watch, money and keys and tied them in a handkerchief, which I very carefully placed on the window sill, so that it would not be overlooked in the hurry of getting away. There didn't seem to be anything else that I could do until the alarm was given, so I turned in and fell asleep right away. I wasn't worrying, because I was ready, no matter what happened. I had been asleep about three minutes, it seemed to me, when somebody pounded at my door and told me to get up; that it was 7 o'clock. I got up and dressed, and you can imagine how badly I was disappointed. Oh, I was sore! But, say, suppose the hotel had caught fire. Wouldn't that have been a star story?"—Chicago Record.

SERPENT POISON.

The Venom of the Cobra Is Deadly Almost Beyond Belief.

It was in the autumn of 1891 that Calmette, while acting as director of the Bacteriological institute of Saigon, Cochin China, first commenced his experiments on the neutralization of serpent venom in the animal system. He had exceptional opportunities in the matter of serpent venom wherewith to carry out his investigations, inasmuch as a band of cobras had recently attacked a village in the vicinity of Bac-Lieu, and by order of the governor of the district no fewer than 90 specimens of the terrible Naja tripudians, or cobra de capello, were forwarded in a barrel to the institute.

Forty of these reptiles arrived alive, and several were at once sacrificed to secure their venom glands. Each gland, resembling both in size and shape a shelled almond, contains about 30 drops of venom, and in this transparent limpid liquid is embodied a toxine of extraordinary strength. As is well known, this cobra is the most dreaded of all serpents, and it is widely distributed over India, Burma, Sumatra, Java, Malacca and Cochin China. Until Calmette, however, set to work to systematically study the nature of this reptile's venom, but little precise or reliable information had been obtained as to its character. It was, of course, necessary in the first instance to ascertain, within as narrow a limit as possible, the exact degree of toxic power inherent in the venom, and to determine, if possible, the precise dose lethal in respect of each variety of animal experimented upon.

A correct calculation of the quantity of venom required in every case was, however, found to be quite impossible, for so virulent is the poison that a single drop of an emulsion produced by pounding up 8 glands in 300 grams of distilled water is sufficient, when introduced into the vein of a rabbit's ear, to kill it in five minutes. All the mammals to which Calmette administered this cobra venom, such as monkeys, dogs, rabbits, guinea pigs, rats, succumbed more or less quickly, according to the size of the dose.—Longman's Magazine.

The Peacock at Home.

The real home of the peacock or peafowl is in India. There they were and are hunted, and their flesh is used for food. As the birds live in the same region as the tiger, peacock hunting is a very dangerous sport. The long train of the peacock is not its tail, as many suppose, but is composed of feathers which grow out just above the tail and are called the tail coverts. Peacocks have been known for many hundred years. They are mentioned in the Bible. Job mentions them, and they are mentioned, too, in I Kings x. Hundreds of years ago in Rome many thousand peacocks were killed for the great feasts which the emperors made. The brains of the peacock were considered a great treat, and many had to be killed for a single feast.—St. Nicholas.

PLEASURE IN LONDON

EARL'S COURT IS THE SUCCESSOR OF VAUXHALL GARDENS.

Its Various Expositions, Credited to Different Countries, Are Only Pretenses. The Great Thing, the Only Thing, Is the Place Itself.

Mrs. Elizabeth Robins Pennell contributes to The Century an article on "Play In London." After speaking of Vauxhall Gardens and Cremorne Mrs. Pennell says:

Everybody knows what the old garden was like—Thackeray has seen to that—with the hundred thousand lamps always lighted, the fiddlers who made ravishing melodies, the singers, the dancers, the Mme. Saquis on the slack rope ascending to the stars, the hermit in the illuminated hermitage, the dark walks so favorable to lovers, the pots of stout, the dinners and suppers—in a word, the sort of combination of cafe, music hall, restaurant and Fourth of July that nowhere else has been brought to such perfection; that to Sir Roger had seemed long before Thackeray's day "a kind of Mohammedan paradise." But what everybody does not know so well is that London still has its garden, called by another name, to be sure, ignored by Murray and Baedeker and offering another programme, Mme. Saquis and hermits gone from it apparently forevermore, but precisely the same in principle and practice.

Vauxhall has vanished; Cremorne sends up no more rockets skyward to fill the night with beauty; the Crystal palace is only for the suburb and the country cousin, but every summer Earl's court has its exhibition—an exhibition only by courtesy, only out of deference to the present fashion of gathering our knowledge or pretending to while we play. One year it was called Italian, and there were macaroni and chianti in the restaurants, and a nice new pasteboard forum. Another year it was German, and the air was heavy with the fragrance of schnitzel and wurst. Then it was American, for a change, and cowboys and red Indians swaggered across the scene, and soda water and maple sugar figured on the menu. Now it happens to be Indian, with a fine oriental flavor, but by the time this is published it will be something else, and it really matters very little. The exhibition, attributed to any nation, would be as gay. Nobody cares save, perhaps, a few tradesmen and mummers, who smell the commercial battle from afar. It is an open secret that the semblance of a show is there merely to court avoidance. The years in passing have turned it into a big bazaar, but not even in this guise can it prove the chief attraction.

No; the great thing, the only thing, that counts is the garden, where one may walk under pleasant trees; where one may ape the continental and drink tea or coffee at little tables—but mostly tea, in capacious pots—to the accompaniment of thick slabs of cake; where one may be still more un-English and eat one's dinner outdoors—not like a wild beast in a cage, as in the old "box" at Vauxhall, but in company, on a low, broad veranda, where there are side shows more diverting than Pepys ever dreamed of; where one may loaf away the summer evening, listening to music which is at least as good as the honest Briton likes it. For the truth is the garden furnishes just that form of amusement which Mr. Henry James has lamented was not to be found in London, and so long as it is open one need not, as he thought, "give up the idea of going to sit somewhere in the open air, to eat an ice and listen to a band of music." Only the amusement must be shared with so big a crowd that one will have to scramble for a chair, engage a dinner table full 12 hours beforehand, and struggle to get home by underground or bus as furiously as the mob fights to push into the pit of a popular theater.

To provide the Englishman with a crowd, to give him the chance to use his elbows, is to convince him that he is enjoying himself. And the old garden's questionable features, its revelers, its jockeys and courtesans and gamblers—where are they? Where are the snows of yesteryear? All gone with other times and other morals. The world of Earl's court and Kensington has taken the exhibition under its protection, and there sits in stately splendor a magnificent example of respectability, within an inclosure humorously called the Welcome club, because admission is refused to all but the elect. Where the west end condescends to spend its afternoons and evenings there surely every one may venture in safety by night as by day. Indeed there is a strong domestic element about the exhibition. It is a place for the family, a playground for the decorous.

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It is little wonder that foreigners are in despair in learning to speak the English language. One of the greatest difficulties is the way in which the same syllabic sounds have often very different meanings.

"You'll get run in," said the pedestrian to the wheelman without a light.

"You'll get run into," savagely responded the cyclist as he knocked the pedestrian down and ran up his spine.

"You'll get run in, too," said the policeman as he stepped from behind a tree and grabbed the wheel.

And just then another scorcher came along without a light, so the policeman ran in two.—Exchange.

At the beginning of the present century the Bible could be studied by only one-fifth of the earth's population. Now it is translated into languages which make it accessible to nine-tenths of the world's inhabitants.

Teapots are used in China only by the poor. Among the wealthy it is customary to put the tea leaves in each cup and pour water on them.

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ANGER AND EGGS.

A Boston Man Says the Combination May Result In Death.

"Never eat eggs while you are angry," said A. E. Stewart of Boston. "My attention was first called to this strange fact by the tragic and sudden death of a lady acquaintance in Boston several years ago. I accepted her husband's invitation to dine with them. Just as we were going in to dinner a servant did something that caused the lady to fly into a terrible rage. She had been irritable from some minor complaint for several days, and her husband calmed her ruffled feelings sufficiently for the dinner to be eaten in good temper. I noticed that she ate an unusually large amount of soft scrambled eggs. Fifteen minutes after we left the dining room she was a corpse. She died in frightful convulsions before the nearest doctor reached the house. The doctor was unable to ascribe the cause. A few months later I was visiting a brother in Connecticut, and one of his sons died under similar circumstances. Before breakfast one morning the boy, who was about 15 years old, had a fight with a neighbor's boy. Before his anger had subsided my nephew was called to breakfast. He ate four soft boiled eggs. Had I known as much then as I do now I would have prevented it. In less than a half hour after breakfast the boy died with exactly the same symptoms that were present when my friend's wife died. This set me to thinking about the matter.

"It wasn't long after this before a Beacon hill friend of mine expired suddenly after a meal. The doctors, as usual, were divided in opinion on the cause of death. Some of them contended that it was heart failure, whatever that is, and others are still holding out that it was apoplexy. Inquiry by me developed the fact that my friend was very angry when he sat down at table and that he ate five eggs. With these developments I searched no further for the cause of his death. He was angry, he ate eggs, and he died. If these are not links in the chain of cause and effect, the human intellect is incapable of logical thinking."—St. Louis Republic.

The boots of the time of Louis XIV were often 2 feet broad at the top.